

## ballad by byzinha

**Series:** [Mileven Week 2016 \[4\]](#)

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** F/M, It's kinda different but I like it

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Eleven, Mike Wheeler

**Relationships:** Eleven/Mike Wheeler

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2016-12-02

**Updated:** 2016-12-02

**Packaged:** 2022-04-02 00:16:02

**Rating:** General Audiences

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 1,192

**Publisher:** [archiveofourown.org](https://archiveofourown.org)

**Summary:**

or the one when the dance floor was theirs.

## ballad

### Author's Note:

**I do not have the ST rights.**

Beta'd by Jenna (littlecajunlady)

This is my last fic of the Mileven Week. I'm at the Comic Con Experience, waiting to get in the main hall to watch some panels. I got me a Stranger Things poster today! \*-\*  
Anyway. Here you go.

Day 5: snow ball song

*remember that time the dance floor was ours and ours only?*

"So," Mike said opening the doors of the empty gym of Hawkins Middle, El following right behind him. "You're going to have to use your imagination for this, okay?"

He walked sideways just to be able to look at El as he talked, and he saw her nod once. She was walking a bit slower, taking in the view of that place. She had only been there once, over a year ago, but it still looked the same. Awfully the same. Despite the boots and jeans and jacket, El felt herself shiver.

"El," Mike called her. He was suddenly in front of her, dark eyes looking down at her, his hair falling on his forehead. It was sticking all around because he had a beanie on just a minute ago. He held both her hands in his. "Can you do that? Can you imagine everything I'll tell you?"

Eleven swallowed and then breathed, focused on calming down.

"Yes," she said, and he smiled.

Mike didn't let go of her hands. Instead, he walked backwards, bringing her to the middle of the gym as he talked.

"The theme was Winter Magic, with its own fairies, sprites and stuff.

You know? Like in spring they say that there are these mythological creatures responsible for making things grow and look pretty."

"I don't understand," El confessed, so Mike stopped.

He thought for a couple of moments.

"Remember when we watched the *A Midnight Summer Dream* play?" El nodded. It wasn't so long ago. "Puck and his friends are forest creatures, right?"

"Summer creatures," El confirmed. Mike nodded.

"Yes. The idea of the Snow Ball was that there are such creatures in winter too, though the story goes a *little* different in Greek mythology," he said, stopping there before he could go on a rant the way he'd gotten last year, as he tried to convince his friends that the theme of the dance was stupid for many reasons. "So you think about those spring sprites, but in winter colors, like ice blue, white and grey. Those were the people who were organizing the dance, but it gave the whole thing a cool vibe to the place."

Mike started walking again, getting closer to the middle of the gym, where once they improvised a deprivation tank for El.

"They had a photo booth there with these gigantic snowflakes and fake snow all around, and the stage was over there," he pointed as he spoke. "There was a long table with finger food and drinks, and some 8th grade jocks tried to sneak some alcohol in the punch, but they got caught and were kicked out of their own graduation ceremony."

"Will said everything was decorated," El said looking up at Mike and he nodded.

"It was," he said letting go of her hands. Mike stepped behind her, hands on her shoulders keeping her from turning to him. "Close your eyes."

"What?"

"Just... trust me, okay? Close your eyes." She did as he said. "It was funny, because we knew that it still was the same gym we have PE

every week, but it was just *so different*. They had put these white and blue cotton things all around, like fake fluffy snow. The walls were decorated with white Christmas lights. There were naked trees covered with fake snow and blinking lights hanging from the roof that looked like the starry sky outside, or like snowflakes falling on our heads or something."

Still with her eyes closed, El sighed and smiled.

"It must've been so pretty," she said under her breath. She felt Mike's hand slide down her arms to hold her hands again.

"It was," he said. "I think you would've loved it."

El opened her eyes and looked back up at him.

"I'm sorry I wasn't here," she whispered. Mike shook his head.

"It's okay," he guaranteed. "I understand."

El turned around slowly to face him. It was really cold outside, but she found herself comfortingly warm right there, with Mike.

"You said people dance in the Snow Ball," she said. "How is... dance?"

Mike swallowed and took a deep breath.

"Well, there are plenty of types of dances you can dance," he said. "Like fast dance, or something with steps, like disco. And there are those that aren't much of *actual* dances, like when rock 'n roll plays. And there is slow dance, when a ballad plays and you get close like we are now and you put your hands here," Mike guided El's hands to the back of his neck. "And I put mine here, like this," he held her waist under her jacket. "And it's really cheesy, but we sway like this to the song."

He started swaying left and right with her, looking in each other's eyes.

"Mike?" El called. "What is ballad?"

"It's a slow song, most times romantic," he explained. "And it's

interesting, because every type of music can have ballads, any type, from rock to pop."

"Can you sing me some?" she requested, and Mike blushed. They still were swaying to no music, so her request wasn't *that* absurd.

"Uh..."

"Please?"

When would Mike ever be able to say not to El and her beautiful eyes? Not today, it seemed. He cleared his throat and sighed before he started the first chorus that came to his mind.

*"I've been waiting for a girl like you to come into my life," he sang. "I've been waiting for a girl like you, a love that will survive. I've been waiting for someone new to make me feel alive. Yeah, I've been waiting for a girl like you to come into my life..."*

El stopped dancing and before Mike could think he had done something wrong she got on her tiptoes and kissed him, just a quick touch of lips like their first kiss had been a little over a year ago in that same school.

"You're really something, El," he said when she stepped back and for the first time ever he saw her blush. "You're not escaping this year, though. We'll have another dance in a few weeks, and I'd like you'd be my date."

"Another dance?" El echoed. "So we can have our pic taken and we can slow dance to real music and I can kiss you again?"

"Yeah," Mike said. "And I can give you a flower and stuff," he pushed her hair behind her ear and only then they realized that they still were so close, in the same slow dance position. No one moved anyway. "But we don't need the Ball to kiss again."

"We don't?"

"I-I mean, if you w-want to kiss..." he fumbled in his words, suddenly noticing what he was saying and for whom. "We ca-can."

"Mike," El said smiling.

"Yes?"

"Kiss me."

It was as if his heart would jump out of his chest, but Mike was more than happy to do as she said. He leaned down and El tipped her head back and this time... this time their kiss was something else entirely.

And just so perfect.